UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

WE imagine few people will be sorry to learn that the Christmas card is "going out." It was a meaningless affair even at its best. In its place we have a host of small inexpensive "booklets," Mr. Gannett would call them, of much more use and reason in the way of simple gift-making. Among these is Mr. Kerr's recent reprint of "Blessed be Drudgery," and uniform in binding and style, Mr. Hosmer's "Royalty of Service," at 10 cents apiece, or $1.00 a dozen, which deserve to meet a wide demand just now. A prettier or more suitable Christmas souvenir than either of these would be hard to find.

THE vice of intemperance is sufficiently sad and discouraging in the moral havoc and ruin it leads to among men, but the problem is covered with heart-sickening despair in its connection with the other sex. The question then becomes one we shrink from discussing even in a private way. But since intemperance among women exists, and some of the authorities state, though we are loth to believe them, that it is on the increase, it is certainly encouraging to know that its unhappy victims have the courage of their misery, and are seeking relief, along with the brothers who outnumber them by hundreds, in the new Mecca of physical healing at Dwight. Upwards of one hundred and fifty women are now under treatment by Dr. Keeley, and we are told that the average number of such patients is increasing.

BE careful in selecting your Christmas gifts to do it with sufficient care and thoughtfulness not to incur the criticism contained in an unknown writer's definition of such offerings; who, we fear, describes far too many of them when he says, "a Christmas present is something you do not care to keep, given to a person who does not want it."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is one of the most accomplished of modern Greek scholars, yet he has lately put himself on record against certain abuses in the present study of the classics in our schools. He professes little care for the study of either Greek or Latin on the merely philosophical or grammatical side, but believes with Milton in the study of the ancient as of modern language, as instruments of thought. He ranks French and German more important than any of the dead tongues, saying that the conditions under which the latter are now pursued, are very different from what they were two hundred years ago, when German learning and German literature were unknown, and when there was little of either.

The Christian Statesman has been placed under new management, and is to be moved to Pittsburgh. John Alexander, of Philadelphia, has for many years been its chief stockseller. Rev. T. P. Stevenson retires from the editorial chair, but will continue to contribute to the paper; Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts succeeding him. We learn from the prospectus of the new management that the paper "will make a special and persistent fight, not only against the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, but also against national rum selling there, and against a French rather than American standard for the Art Gallery." A strange conjunction of ideas is presented here. If the *Statesman* had a little more of the Christian spirit and a little less Christian dogmatism it would see things more clearly and be better able to distinguish relative values.

IT is not for UNITY to enter into the political agitations and discussions incident to the assembling of the Fifty-second Congress, but we are not indifferent spectators. The passing of the speakership of the House into the hands of a representative of the South, makes us hope that it will result in proving that there is a loyal Democracy. May it indicate a forgetting of the past, except in so far as it inspires devotion and loyalty to the future. The Postmaster-General represents an interest most intimately related to the life of every individual in the country. While commending pneumatic tubes for mail service in the cities, why should not the government send the letter to the door of the farmer, the crippled widow who lives in the country as well; and if it is willing to *transmit* the poor man's money, why should it not also be willing to *keep* it for him until he chooses to call for it again? Let us have postal delivery in the country, and postal savings banks everywhere.

TUFT'S COLLEGE issues a little monthly entitled "*Universalist Union; Our Young People's Pulpit*," which starts out with the most commendable purpose of uniting in one fraternity the various young people's organizations in connection with the Universalist church throughout the country. If, in this connection, it will make the young people of the Universalist church more fearless students of modern thought, more ready listeners to the gospel of science, less loyal to the sectarian, dogmatic spirit that is always in danger of lurking under every "ism," it has a magnificent work before it.

THE Workingmen's School in New York, founded by the Ethical Culture Society, under Prof. Felix Adler, lately celebrated its thirteenth anniversary. One of our exchanges, commenting on the growth of this enterprise, states that this is the first manual training school established in this country, but we think this is a mistake. The question of priority aside, all must unite in praise and congratulation to Prof. Adler and his followers over the success of this school. It was founded first as a free kindergarten for the children of the poor. The school is carried on in a five-story building of its own. A certain number of paying pupils are admitted, and those in need of aid in the matter of school supplies or clothing are given it. The Workingmen's School is not a trade school, we are told, but like other manual training institutions aims only at teaching the principles of mechanics underlying all trades, and at "learning by doing."

IN the death of Dr. Thomas Hill the Unitarians of America have lost another of their venerable Nestors, and the country has lost one of its most dignified and well-poised educators. If he did not represent the brilliancy attained by some of the college presidents of his generation, he attained the confidence and respect of those most competent to estimate the worth of a man. He represented a combination of powers and tastes not often united—a profound mathematician, and still devoted to the study of theology and much given to philosophy. He was elevated to the high position of president of Harvard College, but did not hesitate to accept the humbler one of trying to shape the destinies of the ill-fated but ever striving Western College at Yellow Springs, O., where his name comes next to that of Horace Mann in the roll of Antioch's presidents. While thus devoted to the cause of education, he was ever loyal to his first love and last vocation, that of a preacher of the Unitarian gospel, as he understood it, and the humble pastor to those who sought the higher life. So far as we now remember, there remain but two who were at the same time his contemporaries and associates in the cause of education and in that of liberal religion, Dr. A. P. Peabody, who shared with him the honors of the presidency of Harvard College, and Dr. A. A. Livermore, who served so long as president of the Meadville Theological School. These remaining friends will miss their beloved comrade. May the younger men who are pressing hard in their footsteps, merit the serenity and poise which these fathers have so nobly won and so graciously worn.

THE State of Illinois has decreed that the English sparrow must go. A bounty of two cents a head is offered, and the small boy is abroad with the thought of murder in his heart and the weapon of murder in his hand. The other day, we saw a bright little lad, daintily dressed in knickerbockers, with an elegant, little, nickel-plated gun which he said cost his father sixteen dollars. He was out "earning money to pay for his gun." Eight hundred sparrow heads would do it. If, in the meanwhile, the pretty gun does not put a hole through this, or some other boy, will some of the moralists estimate the results on that boy's nature? We particularly commend the problem to the mothers and the fathers who are partners in this delicate butchery, fashionable murder. Have the sparrows a friend left in Christendom? Did Jesus make a slip when he gave us that text about the sparrows? Anyhow if the exigencies of civilization demand their execution are there no other executioners than the small boys?

THE Presbyterians of New York were lately compelled to listen to some plainly spoken advice from one of the younger members of their body, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, in an address delivered before the Social Union. His subject was "Heart vs. Brain as a Means of Evangelizing the World," and the substance of the speaker's remarks was that the excess of brain-power in the Presbyterian church stood directly in the way of its spiritual life and success. We are inclined to dispute the general proposition, but it will certainly be encouraging to Unitarians to hear the representatives of another form of faith condemned for too much intellectuality. Mr. Parkhurst thinks if one-half the brain of Calvin's sect could be transformed into heart the change would be most beneficial. His remarks were greeted with much applause, it is said. It seems Mr. Parkhurst means to put his theories in practice for himself at least. It is his church, a large and fashionable one, which recently voted to abandon the system of pew-rentals, offering the privileges of the sanctuary to all comers on equal terms.

A Christmas Forethought.

Many, perhaps most, of the non-ritual churches of America have, what seems to us, the most dreary of Christmas habits, viz.: the attempt to lift church and Sunday-school into Christmas moods and feelings by a spick and span new service each year, something "fresh" from the mind and fingers of the would-be maker of services. The very thought of Christmas is historic. Its spirit is continuous if anything. The carol that does not awaken memories and bring associations rich and tender, has in it but little caroling power, whatever its other merits may be. The carols in which the voices of absent ones and missing ones seem to join with the voices of the living are the only *Christmas* carols. The pleasure is thus increased by each reiteration. The song that

sings itself, unbidden, is the song for Christmas time. There is a place for training, and the song is more spontaneous that is well learned; but the training should be remanded into the realm of unconsciousness as rapidly as possible. We remember also that few are the compositions that have staying qualities, but search should ever be for such as have living power. When the writer of these words caught, the other day, the distant strains of the beautiful measures in Mr. Blake's Christmas service, "How lovely! how lovely thy tabernacles! O Lord of hosts," his heart jumped with the first glad realization that Christmas is at hand, and, when, farther along in the rehearsal, the children burst out in the glad, old carol whose history reaches back to the very roots of our English speech,

"Christ is born, O happy day,
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay!"

we felt that the children too were entering into the cumulative power of the song, which, for eight years, has voiced the Christmas joys of their Sunday-school and church. Not until these children grow up to teach these very same songs and the same high sentiments to their children, will they begin to appreciate the real power of the Christmas service of their childhood. When grandparent and grandchild can join in the same carol, voicing in it a common thought as well as common feeling, then will they feel themselves borne along by that splendid stream of joy which reaches back even of the Bethlehem manger, and gathers into its heart the aspirations and the merriment of ancient Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Teuton, as well as of Jew, and which we call the "Christmas Tide."

We recognize the truth that a worthy service of worship and song is difficult to realize, that it must grow slowly, that it should be held ever free to improvement. So we gladly welcome new editions, with all the improvement possible of our Christmas services, but let there be something continuous in it. He who would grow a pine does not pull up and throw away each year's seedling and plant a new seed,—but he waters, nourishes and waits for the seedling to become a sapling, the sapling, a noble tree. The Yule log of old England was kindled with embers carefully preserved, for that purpose, from the Yule fire of the preceding year. If our churches would do as well, by carrying over as many of the associations and songs as were beautiful from one Christmas to the other, they would reduce much of the strain that makes Christmas a burden and not a joy. Are not our modern churches called upon to lessen this strain in every way, to minimize external hurry and rush, and increase internal peace and joy? To accomplish this end, we know of one church that, for years, has heroically departed from the conventional habit of the churches to make presents *to* its children. It has allowed the Christmas tree and its kindred to have its full sway at home. The church asks of its children, as of its adults, to join only in the delights of *giving*, not of *getting*. In this particular case at least, the children seem to enjoy and love their church none the less. And the cheerless homes are the more surely visited with Christmas joys. Let the burdens of Christmas be reduced that its joys may be increased.

We should bring our theories in consonance with real facts. I do not agree with the man who said that if his theory did not agree with the facts of a case, so much the worse for the facts. A fact is a sacred thing. There is an element of God in it that can not be eluded.—*J. G. Townsend.*

A Christmas Preparation.

The glad tidings of the liberal faith, the evangel which Unity speeds, is the thought of God that is co-extensive with the thought of love, identical with that of goodness and the fountain of all tenderness. Our thought of hell is the redemptive power of pain, the restoring balm of sorrow. The penalty of outraged law is the fever that throws off the poison preparatory to the healing, which, sooner or later, will bear every penitent towards that heaven which is the smile of virtue, the peace of sincerity, the reward and strength of consecration. We offer a Bible, co-extensive with all that is excellent, from which is expunged every text of hatred and superstition, whether it be written in the Old or New Testament or elsewhere. We offer a religion that is in league with science, that is, science consecrated to human growth and happiness, a religion that delights in this world of blessed sights and sounds, that seek to use it and not abuse it. We believe in Christianity that is usefulness and service, in an Unitarianism that makes one, all loves, reaching from the heart of Jesus to the heart of a faithful dog that clings to its master. This gospel calls for self-denial and faithfulness exceeding the possibilities of the religion of fear or of narrowness. 'Hadst thou staid, I must have fled,' said the blessed vision to the monk. If we fail to consecrate our loves and our possessions to the causes which to-day challenge our admiration and our love, we shall soon belong to the sodden clay, become a part of that cultured stupidity, that torpid elegance, that dead respectability, senseless common sense and emotionless goodness ever drivelling into goodiness, which is the blight of the favored elements in our communities. That, only, is consecration, which has its root in sacrifice. Easy service, is no service at all. It may be a possible diversion, a convenient pastime. The thing we give and never feel we do not give at all. Have we faith, it calls for faithfulness. Have we love, we must distrust it if it does not bear us resistlessly on to loyalty. The religion of righteousness, yields a love that will sweeten our Christmas joys.

Mr. Norton's Translation of Dante.*

At last, after all the great and little *poets* have tried their hands at translating the Iliad, the Odyssey and the Æneid, the intelligent reader may settle back to the enjoyment of the simple prose, arranged by a competent master. This is much better, though the metrical translations were good. If the form is non-transferable, the substance of the thought, the subject matter, is not. It is a relief to find, at last, an invitation to enjoy Dante, so far as it is possible to enjoy him without a knowledge of his own musical Italian, in the simple, honest prose of so competent a hand as Charles Eliot Norton. Many, very many, who have found themselves nodding even over Longfellow's splendid lines, will, we suspect, find themselves making quick and grateful progress through the pages of this limpid prose version. In the introduction, Mr. Norton has put the case as to the relative merits of prose and poetic translations, in a way that will carry conviction to all. We find here, prose so admirable and truthful that, as he says, the imagination may mould it "as it moulded the verse." The introduction also contains a simple statement of the scope and purposes of the poet, with description of the scenes, and the reader is glad to escape the mass of beclouding "notes and interpretations" with which the Dantean teachers and club leaders so often obscure the face and concealed the mind of Dante.

The first volume is before us, with the plain Saxon title, "Hell." When the other two volumes are added, it will be time for a simple and non-professional English reader to take hold of Dante with a fair prospect of large results.

* Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, translated by Chas. Eliot Norton. 1. "Hell." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891, pp. 102. $1.25.

The Columbian Association of Housekeepers.

Our readers are already informed with regard to the general scope and purpose of the World's Congress Auxiliary, by means of which a series of world's congresses, representing the different departments of thought and practical activity in lines social, educational and artistic, is now being arranged for. Among the general topics thus assigned and provided for, is the important one of Household Economies, and in order to better prepare the way for this particular congress, and to bring as many women as possible into practical co-operation with its objects, the Columbian Association of Housekeepers has been formed. The president of this organization is Mrs. John Wilkinson, well-known in Unitarian circles and to the readers of Unity. The society is divided into many departments, covering the various branches of household science. It aims to establish a bureau of information respecting all matters of interest to housekeepers; and already the members are busy at work collecting statistics and securing as much practical information as possible on such questions as the sanitary regulation of the home, domestic service, the science of cooking, the art of correct and healthful dress, etc. The society aims also to assist the housekeeper in the difficult, often wasteful business of marketing, by published monthly bulletins of ruling rates, and other items of interest and value. A committee on household economies in village communities has also been formed, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, of Evanston, Ill. Courses of lectures on cooking are soon to be established, and the Association hopes to make a useful and admirable exhibit at the great Fair in 1893, of all the latest improvements in the science under its special investigation. The aim of the new organization, as defined in the prospectus, is "to secure skilled labor in every department of woman's work, to find out the most economical ways of doing work, and to find out what is true economy of time and strength as well as of material."

We know of no department of work arising out of the World's Congress movement more useful in its aim than this, and we are glad to circulate as wide a notice of it as possible through our columns. Though the association has its headquarters, necessarily, in Chicago, it desires to secure the help and interest of members all over the country. If enough memberships can be secured at $1.00 annual fee, we understand it is the wish of the management to issue printed monthly reports of the progress of work, with other matters of practical information to housekeepers. Any one desiring to obtain further information respecting the work shall address the president, 482 La Salle Ave., or the secretary, Mrs. H. S. Taylor, 469 La Salle Ave., Chicago.

C. P. W.

There is no greater problem in contemporary society than the woman who wants something to do when she has no definite idea what she wants. Now, people do not, as a rule, *find* places; they *make* them. And earnest, faithful endeavor makes *any work* worthy.—*Boston Budget.*

Men and Things.

The Rev. A. J. Bailey, a Congregational minister, recently preached in the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Universalists are celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of their great leader, John Murray, born in Alton, England, Dec. 10, 1741. *The Universalist* makes this week's issue a memorial number.

The remains of Helen Hunt Jackson have been removed from Cheyenne Mountain, where they have lain for six years, and buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Colorado Springs. The removal was made because her former resting-place was desecrated by toll-gates and pleasure seekers.

Mr. Thomas M. Johnson, of Osceola, Mo., editor of the *Bibliotheca Platonia* is now visiting the city in the hope of arousing sufficient interest in the line of his special topic to form a class for the study of Plato. Mr. Johnson is on his way East, and is to deliver a course of lectures on Plato in Boston.

Jackson, Miss., has been chosen as the site for the Memorial Literary and Industrial School for Colored Girls of Mississippi—the Mary Holmes Seminary—to be founded by Miss Mary E. Holmes, of Rockford, Ill. Work will be prosecuted as rapidly as possible, and the school will open in the fall of 1892.

Dr. R. S. Storrs has recently completed his forty-fifth year of service as pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. He is still in vigorous health, though past his seventieth year. The Dr. has heredity on his side, his father who was pastor of a church at Braintree, Mass., holding his place sixty-five years.

The Commemoration Ode for the opening of the World's Fair has been assigned to a woman, Miss Harriet Monroe, of Chicago. It was Miss Monroe who wrote the ode for the dedication of the Chicago Auditorium, sung by a large chorus under the direction of Theodore Thomas, who is also to set the Columbian ode to music.

The Rev. Dr. Miner, of Boston, told the truth at a recent meeting in aid of a movement to found a rescue mission, that the dwellers in the slums "are almost saints compared with the men who take three times the normal rent that the vile shall dwell in their houses." This remark hits a good many people in other cities than Boston.

Rev. Rufus A. White has accepted a call to the Universalist church at Englewood, succeeding Miss Kollock, whose resignation we recorded some time ago, and who is to spend a year or two abroad in rest and study. Miss Kollock sends a letter to one of the denominational papers, welcoming Mr. White to his new duties, and expressing her warm approval of the congregation's choice.

Some progressive and a conservative theologians were discussing the higher criticism of the Bible the other day. "The fact of the matter is," said one in concluding the argument, "that the methods of the progressive theologians are historical." "And, pray," asked the other, "what are our methods?" "Hysterical," replied the liberal brother.

A story is going the rounds of the papers that the well-known publishing house in Boston, which recently issued an edition of Walton's "Angler," received a letter sent in their care to "Izaak Walton, Esq." It came from a clipping bureau. Walton was assured that his book was attracting considerable attention, and an offer was made to send him notices from all papers in this country and Canada.

The Rev. James Field Spalding, D.D., for the last twelve years rector of Christ Episcopal church, Cambridge, Mass., lately retired from the ministry of that church, and publicly announced his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Dr. Spalding has been a prominent and influential member of the Episcopal clergy, and the news of his change of religious faith has created widespread interest.

Mr. Gladstone has lately put himself on record against the present license system of England, pronouncing it "a discredit and calamity to the country." The growth of temperance sentiment is otherwise signalized by the election of Mr. Singer and Mr. Richardson as mayors, respectively, of Henley-on-Thames and Lincoln, both total abstainers and favoring the local option law and Sunday closing.

The death of Dr. Hill, pastor of the church at Portland, Me., and one of the ex-presidents of Harvard, recalls the fact that one of his wife's sisters was Mrs. Adeline Badger, a friend of the Hawthornes, and governess in the family for several years. It was she who was the original of the character of Hilda in "The Marble Faun." She was the first woman appointed on the Boston school board. She died by by suicide. Her life was a pleasant one, but of many cares, which are supposed to have wrought upon a particularly delicate and nervous organization.

Contributed and Selected.

"The Lord is My Shepherd."

Psa. xxiii: 1

Lo, the Shepherd draweth near!
Lay aside your doubt and fear,
Let Him lead.
Want, you nevermore shall know,
Strength and peace He will bestow—
And the path shall brighter grow.
Let Him lead;
Let the Shepherd lead.

Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice!
In His loving care rejoice!
Let Him lead.
Let Him guide you where he will,
Lead you by the waters still,
Safe from every threatening ill.
Let Him lead;
Let the Shepherd lead.

See the look of tender grace
Beaming from the Shepherd's face.
Let Him lead.
Rod and staff are in His hand—
Comfort for the Shadow-land—
Follow then at His command.
Let Him lead;
Let the Shepherd lead.

EDWARD B. PAYNE.

The Post-Marriage Studies of Women.

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE W. W. U. C. AT JANESVILLE NOV. 18TH, BY FLORENCE GRISWOLD BUCKSTAFF.

One hundred years ago, the post-marriage studies of women and the object of the education of women in general were thus outlined by Rousseau:

"The education of women should always be relative to that of men. To please, to be useful to Us, to make Us love and esteem them, to educate Us when young and take care of Us when grown up, to advise, to console Us, to render Our lives easy and agreeable, these are the duties of women at all times, and what they should be taught in their infancy." "She ought to study the mind of man thoroughly, not the mind of man in general, abstractedly, but the dispositions of those men to whom she is subject."

There are even now those who agree with Rousseau; for example, Grant Allen, who calls an educated woman a "dulled, senseless, epicene automaton." Even in Germany, home and storehouse of learning, an appeal was made a short time ago, to the proper authorities, to permit a slight extension of the very meager advantages for study now granted to German women. This appeal was based on the ground, not of woman's possession of a mind and the fitness of cultivating it, but, to quote the exact words, "because men are bored at the domestic hearth by the ignorance of their wives."

Most of us, in the United States, are ready to admit that a woman should be educated, as a man is educated, to make of her the most useful member of society possible.

There are studious natures and there are practical natures. The studious ones do not need the admonition, "Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring"—the waters of knowledge arouse in them a thirst as intense as that which alcohol arouses in the tippler. I believe it the duty of all such, born with the genius for study, to become devotees of pure knowledge. For may not

"Loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field?
So bountiful is fate."

But most of us are not born with the genius for study. We care more for human nature than for books, and we see so much suffering in the world that we can not rest without some effort to alleviate it. We think of

"Men that have wives and women that have babes,
And all these making suit to only live.
. . . . . .
We hear the children crying, Oh my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years."

And we turn to practical philanthropy as a nearer duty than book-learning.

But if we devote ourselves wholly to the practical work we shall be making a fatal mistake. Intellectual narrowness is the curse that vitiates reform. Cultivate the minds of the hosts of well meaning people who are vainly trying to bring in the millennium, and you will have wrought a change in their efficiency like the change from stone hatchets to steel saws. "What," says Matthew Arnold, "if rough and coarse action, ill-calculated action is and for a long time has been, our bane?" The spasmodic attempts to place civilization on a new basis, which spread Bellamy clubs and the like throughout the land, need an infusion of historic and economic essence. Women especially, who have less sociological training than men, are carried away by enticing dreams of the future, and do not see that progress has hitherto lain in the emancipation of the individual. Half our charity does more harm than good, because its knowledge of social history and philosophy is so small, and its fund of bigotry and intolerance so large. How many poor families lose their independence and self-respect because we give them too much and exact no equivalent. If we consider it dishonest to get something for nothing ourselves, why do we encourage dishonesty by giving something for nothing to others? The soup-kitchens and like foolish charities that foster pauperism would die out if our kind-hearted women would study the science of charity, and if our men would study it, our sheriffs would not make thousands of dollars every year by feeding tramps and keeping schools of crime.

If General Booth and the generous persons whose enthusiasm he has aroused, had a thorough knowledge of economics and charity organization: if they had studied and profited by the experience of former efforts to secure work for the unemployed as they were recently described in the Harvard Journal of Economics, we should feel more confidence that the thousands of dollars contributed to the Salvation Army were not destined to do mischief rather than good. How many of us who know General Booth's painful description of "Darkest England" know the book by another and more accurate Booth, giving with scientific precision the results of years of systematic study of the conditions of life in East London; with statistics of the number of families self-supporting, living from hand to mouth, pauper or criminal in each district, with the result of showing that even in Darkest England the respectable, prosperous working people greatly outnumber *Les Miserables*.

If we do not study, therefore, our practical aspiration are no better than what John Morley calls "pale, unshapen embryos of social sympathy." To be sure, love is so overpowering a force that even our ignorance can not quite pervert it, and an unwise gift may have a good effect simply on account of the overflowing personal love that accompanies it.

Women are coming more and more to recognize their need of education, not only before, but after marriage, and nearly every town has its Study Club. Some of them are doing good work. An excellent motto for our study, in clubs or as individuals, could be taken from Carlyle, who says, "The times show two qualities: Dilettantism and Mammonism. When congratulating yourself that you have escaped the latter, beware of the former!"

Mammonism has as great an attraction for women to-day as the gods of heathen nations had for the old Israelites. We are bound by the conventionalities of society, and our thoughts dwell upon the attainment and enjoyment of new luxuries, more perfectly appointed homes, more elegant dress, finer equipages and more delicious food. We must go to Emerson for an antidote. He says: "We spend our incomes for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of a man. Our expense is almost all for conformity. It is for cake that we run in debt; it is not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship that costs so much. Why needs any man be rich? Why must he have horses, fine garments, handsome apartments, access to public houses and places of amusement? Only for want of thought." Emerson will keep us from Mammonism. But what will keep us from Dilettantism? Inflexible purpose only and hard work. I find much fault with our women's studies, for the character of their subjects. When we need to know the science of charity, we form a class in elementary French. When we should read Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and Hosmer's "Anglo-Saxon Freedom" we take a course in literary gossip. Instead of sanitary science and the theory of medicine, we study somebody's attempt to describe Michael Angelo's "Moses"; even when we attempt history we take antiquated books and methods and topics.

The study of sociology is to my mind the most necessary as well as the most attractive study for women—the study of institutions, political, legal, domestic, religious. While political institutions have been thoroughly discussed, the study of domestic institutions is in its infancy. Primitive marriage and the history of the marriage relation are new fields now being rapidly opened up. The history of domestic life and the position of woman through the centuries is an extremely suggestive study. How little we women know of the way in which our early Aryan grandmothers lived—subject to the power of their husbands even over life and death; how, through the centuries, woman gradually won recognition of her individuality—until from being the property of her husband, she came, in later Rome, to be an independent property-owner, possessed of more rights than women ever knew again until the present century. How many of us know that some of our Saxon grandmothers were recognized by law as owners of half the property acquired by the joint labors of husband and wife, but that with the feudal system the English common law came to look upon husband and wife as one person, and that person the husband.

How many other enticements are presented to the intellect in these stirring days! The Renaissance of the nineteenth century overtops that of the sixteenth, as Popocatapetl the Blue Mountains. The philosophy of evolution makes its way surely and swiftly into every rank of thought. Morals, manners, theogonies, literature, law, life are transfigured. Political Economy is no longer the dismal science. History has assumed the scientific method and awes us by its sublimity. Such insight as that of William Francis Allen when he discussed the place of the Northwest in General History, shows how closely we ourselves are related to the actors in the struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and we learn the moral grandeur of historic continuity in Fiske's "Beginnings of New England," and Hosmer's "Anglo Saxon Freedom."

The charms and uses of Biology are no less than those of History. There is no moral lesson more impressive than the study of Darwin's candid, acute and passionless search for truth. The scientific method is well described by Professor Ennis in his book on "Organic Evolution" when he says: "Our duty is work; our right, is free investigation; our satisfaction, the establishment of a grain of truth for the benefit of mankind; our hope, knowledge."

I know that the troubles of old age are many, and that life grows tedious when it lasts too long; but I am desirous of living to be a hundred years old, in order that I may see the wonders of knowledge and of skill that the twentieth century will bring forth. Yet what would it profit a man to live a thousand years if he did not keep up with the march of thought of his contemporaries? Half an hour a day can be spared by the busiest, and in half an hour a day one can keep abreast of the world in at least one department.

Whether a woman will find time for study after marriage, depends on where she puts the emphasis in the poem life is. If to her, the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment, she will have time. Instead of working for worldly advantages for her children, she will give them the noble dowry of a fine contempt for fashion and conformity, together with that devotion to the great ends of life which only parents working for culture and philanthropy can give. Plain living and high thinking is a very difficult ideal to attain, but the effort to attain it will make us more efficient philanthropists, more respected wives and wiser parents; and it will give us, too, thoughts that

"Have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence."

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—Wisconsin Unitarians have been often bereft during the last few years. When Prof. Wm. Allen died there was such a feeling of deep personal loss as rarely attends the death of any man however good or great. It was not the liberal church alone that mourned him, though he was to her a tower of strength—but it was the great University of which he seemed a vital part—the city where he lived and where he had won such respect that there were none too high to do him reverence, the state which held him an honored citizen, and even the nation throughout which his friends were scattered. Rarely, indeed, is it given to a church to have a leader

"So pure in heart and sound in head
With such divine affections bold,"

as the Madison church had in Professor Allen, and the years will not bring them such another. But when to his loss was added the removal of Rev. J. H. Crooker to another and far distant parish, they seemed doubly bereft. And the state at large shares in the regret which the Madison church feels for its lost leader, as Mr. Crooker was very widely known here, and enjoyed the distinction of being called the most eloquent preacher in Wisconsin of any denomination. And he was more than a great preacher. He was a large, deep-thoughted, sincere and heroic man. A man, also, who had grown, and would continue to grow,—a builder, an organizer, a center of enthusiasm—one about whom men would rally. It took a broad man to fill Mr. Simmons' place at Madison—few of us thought at the time that it would ever be really filled—but Mr. Crooker, although a young man then, did not allow the church to mourn long for the keen-witted, brilliant scholar it had lost. To-day the two men are equally honored and beloved there. But our latest loss tears down to the primitive rock.

When Henry Doty Maxson died we met a loss which is irreparable. Never again shall we see a blending of such sweetness and such strength; of such courage and such modesty; of such reverence and such fearlessness of speech; of such gentleness and power; of such simplicity and

Continued on page 127.

Church Door Pulpit.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

By Rev. John C. Learned.

"If ye then being evil know to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give good things to them that ask him."—*Matt. vii: 11.*

"He gave them their request but sent leanness into their soul."—*Psalms cvi : 15.*

"The attention of the intellect is a natural prayer by which we obtain the enlightenment of the reason."—*Sir William Hamilton.*

One of the strongest doubts of modern times is that concerning the efficacy of prayer; whether a human prayer amounts to anything; whether there is any such thing as an answer to it; whether, indeed, it is not to be dispensed with altogether. When we think of it, it is one of the strangest doubts to gain currency in an age when freedom and individuality and personal influence count for so much.

In the ancient times when brutish, barbarous man was but the plaything or victim of the forces and aspects of nature which he had no power to control or interpret; when under cruel despotism, all private rights were crushed out, and great masses of men were moulded and manipulated by the iron will of one; if then, all trust in divine help had perished; if then, men had said, it is of no use to pray, and sunk into utter despair, it would not have been strange. But in this nineteenth century life, when a man never counted for so much before; when his word of truth and cheer never comforted so many hearts; when his cry of ignorance or necessity brings distant cities and continents to his relief; when the child born into the cabin of want and toil, may rise by his own worthy efforts to be the ruler of a nation,—in such an age as this, to doubt of prayer is strange enough. It is to falsify its meaning, or to mistake human nature.

I. There never was a time when human prayers were so certainly, so quickly, so fully answered. There never was a time when there was so little fatalism in the forces of nature or in the powers of government; when they were so much in man's control. He says to the winds: Serve me, and they come to do his will. They bear him aloft; they draw water and grind his corn; they push his ships across the sea; they take his message, the very word of his mouth, from city to city. He says to the waters: Do my bidding; the ocean becomes a pathway to the merchant and traveler. The rivers and streams, yielding their powers, build his houses and weave his garments. The water springs in fountains, leaving its river banks to flow into our chambers; congeals to ice to temper the summer heat, or turns to steam to protect us from the winter's cold. Man says to the earth: Bring forth abundantly to supply my pleasure or my needs, and the earth obeys. Bread grows in the wilderness. The noisome swamp, the barren mountain side, becomes a fruitful field. It puts forth rare flowers in the heart of dark, sooty cities. It furnishes sparkling gems for beauty; gold and silver and iron for many a use. It gives its forests and quarries to the builder. There is the heat of ten thousand summers in its wells of oil and beds of coal. Hills become plains, and valleys are raised up at man's approach. And there is scarcely anything now that the man of to-day cries for, that this mother-earth of ours has not learned to give him.

To the first man, fire was strange and fearful. Except to warm himself by it as best he could, in some rude way, he knew not what to do with it but to fall down and worship it. To-day, how recklessly man handles it, how peremptorily he commands it! He makes it at home with him in his house. It gets up the dinner, does the washing. He harmlessly carries it in his pocket. It turns the night of a city into day. He yokes fire and water together, reconciles these two deadly enemies, and the span hitched to car or ship, running like the wind, draws him and his merchandise across the continents or across the seas. Even the lightning, that terrible form of fire, filling with superstition and dread the primitive man, when politely asked by the man of the nineteenth century to be a news-carrier, and help heal the sick, to bear our burdens, or light up our dwellings, comes safely and silently down from heaven to earth, travels over the Rocky Mountains, or under the Atlantic main, on its mission of good-will, never complaining of his master at any menial service he has to do. Yet in the face of all these things we say that it avails nothing for man to pray! Avails nothing, when at his desire and request, God is giving one by one, all the powers of earth into his care and keeping: showing plainly that when man is fully fitted for it by his knowledge and by his righteousness, he will no longer be the slave of nature, but nature, in all her kingdoms shall serve man in his demands for truth, for beauty and for use!

II. Perhaps it is time to put in a caution here, or rather a distinction. A great deal, both of our living and our thinking is artificial. What we do and say is, more than we are usually aware, the result of inheritance, of tradition, of custom, or of fashion. Nothing more strikingly exemplifies this than what is commonly called prayer. It is often a formality. The things asked for, the phrases in which they are asked for, the very postures and tones associated with the asking, may be, and frequently are, artificial and meaningless. There is a habit of routine in the exercise; little or nothing is genuine, personal and spontaneous. We must rigidly distinguish, therefore, between what man wants and what, in conformity with a sacred custom, he *says* he wants; between praying and *saying* prayers. We must also understand that just as certainly as every religious truth carries with it a duty, or it is not a religious truth; so every aspiration or prayer to God implies effort on the part of man, or it is no real prayer. The desire worthy of this name must put on reality. This effort or desire may be to bring the mind into a right tone or disposition; or to employ mind and body in the search after truth, or in the work of blessing or relieving humanity. But no prayer is complete where aspiration is not crowned with effort, and no aspiration is rational where effort can not affect the result.

Many persons mean by prayer only the formality of it; an attitude and phraseology observed at certain intervals or places; a combination of traditional requests, which tried by the tests of modern science are not answered, and can not be answered; which to the rational mind were never meant to be answered, and would upset the whole order of the world if they were answered. This will account for an instinctive shrinking among many from the common forms of prayer. Nor should we feel justified in much use of any forms in private or in public. Any utterance of prayer must be simple and seldom, enough only to keep the spirit of reverence and the upward look, or else it dies away into the mere vaporing of words. There may be persons who can observe set seasons of prayer in the family every morning, or morning and night, or even morning, noon and night, and not let the service lose its tone or sink into a worse than useless formalism. So, whole churches may be made up of such people that they can profitably and feelingly unite in public prayers two or three times on Sunday, and two or three times, or every night on week days besides; but this is no longer the rule. For the principal thing in life is not devotions but duty; is not open utterance but inward aspiration; is not formal requests but earnest endeavor. Any verbal expression of our wants is useless: farther than to serve to collect our thoughts, to gather up our powers, to give us sacred resolve, or unite us in a common feeling and aim. And for most of us to do this at considerable intervals, giving time meanwhile for full trial of our strength, is better than to be often talking of our defects and wants or purposes, which so soon and so easily dwindles into cant and self-deception and spiritual complacency.

Jesus found occasion to inveigh against the much praying of his time. It was empty pretense, spiritual vacancy. Much praying with the mouth is an evil in any time. It makes a high and holy thing common. It reduces a real thing to a symbol, and then to a fetich. Yet genuine prayer is the most natural, moving, living thing that stirs the soul of man. Indeed, prayer is the breath and function of the soul. Every noble work that a man does is preceded by it—doubtless by long months and years of it, and is the fruit of it. When good and true men inaugurate humane enterprises, found noble institutions, or build homes for the working poor, the blind or the helpless, these institutions are just as truly the answer to prayer, as were George Muller's famous orphan houses in England. These men earnestly and with their whole hearts, desired these things, believing that they would ameliorate the condition of their fellow-men; they cherished the thought of doing some good with the fruits of their thought and toil. They prayed in earnest longing that this might happen, and they so adjusted their efforts and means to this and that, that it should happen. These institutions are the result—the result of lives of industry, character, and good-will; the result of years of thought and aspiration. So, when a railroad engineer sees before him at midnight a train approaching that means collision and death; and to save the lives of sleeping passengers forgets his own, and dies with his hand on the iron, this man's character may be very ragged and faulty on many a side, but that power of fidelity to a terribly responsible trust, only came from a consecration of faculties, from that concentration of noble motives which is the very essence of prayer. His dying act embodied a prayer.

And when a man falls in battle, in defence of wife, children and country, that fire of patriotism which sent him there, which gave him the power of self-sacrifice, is no product of the moment, is no passing impulse. It is the evidence of his prayers,—prayers that those whom he loved may be safe, that his nation may not be blotted out, that liberty may be established, that the father-land may be honored. Is it only the priest safely, peacefully reading the liturgy in the luxurious church at home, before a fashionable congregation, who prays for the maintenance of the laws and the safety of the state, and *not* he who in silence, with firm closed lips, marches to the front to withstand the foe, with every chance of perishing on the field, in camp or hospital? But it is the same with any fine product of what we call character.

III. I know there are many difficulties in men's minds about this matter of prayer. But the thing that troubles me about it is, not that our good prayers remain unanswered. We can stand that—if it is ever true. But the awful, mysterious thing is that our bad prayers are so often effective, that they are so *surely* answered. If God would only be as inexorable when we ask for foolish things as he sometimes seems to be when we ask for good things, we might feel safe enough. Friends, the rule is that men get what they ask for. What do men ask for? Cast a glance over society and see. I do not ask you to go into the churches to find out. I do not ask you to overhear their private devotions. These formalisms, we know, perhaps, too well, the postures, the tones, the requests, the very phrases that compose them. They are much the same everywhere, and among all conditions of men. These words and gestures may be divorced from every sentiment of earnestness and reality. The lips often move,—acquire the habit of moving—while the heart does not move. So that the worded prayer is a feeble index to the life—does not touch it except in some very superficial way. The language of worship then, conventional as it is, would but very poorly indicate the motives of men's daily conduct. But look round and see what men regard as the great necessities of their existence and happiness; the things that they must have and mean to have, and put forth all their energies, whether small or great, whether of body or mind, to obtain. Ah, 'tis these *must-haves* of life that tell us truly what men live for, agonize for, pray for. You have no right, I insist, to call that prayer, in which a man looks up into the sky, or down upon the ground, or over the heads of a congregation, or into the face of an image, as the custom happens to be, and talks about what he half wants or pretends to want, or thinks he ought to want, but really does not want at all: while day and night all his faculties are put upon the stretch to gain some earthly and perishable good, the very possession of which may peril and invalidate every spiritual ideal.

What are the *must-haves* of life? Test your characters by these. To these, your prayers, your energies are directed. What can a man do *without*, and still not be miserable, still keep himself sweet and calm and steady. Let us see. Says Phillips Brooks: "He to whom honor is necessary can do without money. He who must have God's communion can do without the dear companionship of fellow-men. He who can not lose his eternity can easily cast aside time, and the body which belongs to it, and by the martyr's slow or sudden death exchange the visible for the invisible, the symbol for the reality. . . On these two ladders, as it were, by these two scales, the order of human character mounts up,—the power to do *without*, and the power *not* to do *without*. As you grow better there are some things which are always growing looser in their grasp upon you; there are other things which are always taking tighter hold upon your life. You sweep up out of the grasp of money, praise, ease, distinction. You sweep up into the necessity of truth, courage, virtue, love and God. The gravitation of the earth grows weaker, the gravitation of the stars takes stronger and stronger hold upon you. And, on the other hand, as you grow worse, as you go down, the terrible opposite of all this comes to pass. The highest necessities let you go, and the lowest necessities take tighter hold of you. Still, as you go down, you are judged by what you can do without, and what you can not do without. You come down at last where you can not do without a comfortable dinner and an easy bed, but you can do without an act of charity or a thought of God. The poor sot finds his misery sealed with double

seal, that he can not miss his glass of liquor, and he can miss without a sigh every good company and virtuous wish."

That is the way it works. Men, and women too, for that matter, get what they pray for, what they must have. It is simply the law of cause and consequence. As Goethe said: "What we wish for in youth comes in heaps upon us in old age." Is it costly garments for the body, palaces to dwell in, stored up wealth, or sumptuous living,—some form of pleasure, distinction or display—any one or all these which we can not be happy without, and to the gaining of which we will for a life-time dedicate all our powers? The chances are that any one of these passions, persistently pursued, is within human reach. The prayer will be answered. The rash prayer of Œdipus was answered by the gods, but the answer was a curse. It was tragic retribution, not a blessing. So when we ask unwisely. So when we forget to ask for those high and holy things, which make character divine. Is there nothing higher than the outward conditions of life? Is there not something more influential than wealth and fame, something more satisfactory than the indulgence of appetite and sense? Remember, that what we can can do without, has no power to enslave us. We are superior to it. We can take it or leave it. Remember, that what we can not do without is master, that we bow down to it and serve it as a god. What then shall our service be? Shall it be that which by-and-by is seen to be ignominious and belittling, the evermore tedious and loathsome servitude of animalism and selfishness, or that service which grows evermore glad, glorious and serene; the service of wisdom and justice, and truth at the invitation of the beautiful and the good.

IV. I have now spoken of the influence of man in the physical world and in the moral world. But the physical and moral, or the natural and spiritual worlds, are not two worlds, but one. The universe means both; and they are so joined together that they interact,—that what affects one affects the other. When the question is asked, then: Does nature or God become conscious of my request, or answer my petition? it is like asking whether the power of thought or desire ever gets beyond the man himself. Have the prayers of all the generations, deeply felt and persistently repeated, rising out of all conditions of life, been wasted in a desert universe, come back void, amounting to nothing? There may be fruitless sacraments and empty mockeries, but sincere prayer is not one of them. Men have got something from it, or they would not have so clung to it. I admit that they may have often got from it something widely different from what they expected or sought. But wherever men have gone out from its exercise with restored tone; with some needed change in the mind's equilibrium; with more definite conception of the ideals of duty, affection and endeavor; with some increase or concentration of personal force, there, prayer is effectual, that is, it is answered. The stated or ritualistic prayer may be fruitless enough. No man is the worse but rather the better for refusing to keep up a heartless ceremony; and most of us, for wise reasons, as it seems to me, have ceased from the habitual use of formal prayers, not even requiring them of our children.

While it has been rather easy to admit that prayer might affect the man himself, as a sort of self-magnetizing process, there has been a tendency to deny that it could have any influence upon the Supreme Being. But does not this position show us still in subjection to the errors of the old unscientific theology, which conceived of God as far off, sitting above creation, in freezing and unapproachable majesty? Now the modern idea of God is that he is in nature, not outside of it. He is not the infinitely remote, but the infinitely near. All forces, mental, physical or spiritual, are in nature. Love and thought, as well as gravity and natural selection, are there. Man, as well as mineral is there. In thought, God is the symbol of the unity of all the elemental forces of the universe, is co-extensive, therefore, with nature. But the universe is related to all its parts, and the parts to each other and to the universe. Hence it is that Leibnitz tells us that if we could write the history of the least and most insignificant object—of a single atom, of a pebble, of the knife in your pocket, of the "flower in the crannied wall,"—we should find it related to everything else; and before we were through, we should learn that we were attempting to write the history of the universe.

Now whatever happens at Nature's remotest bounds, sooner or later is felt at the center, reaches to the foundations. Everything affects everything else,—steadies or disturbs it. The law of giving and taking, of asking and receiving, runs everywhere, governing all the forces and changes of the visible world. "A thirsty tree needs, lacks and desires moisture; and by needing, lacking and desiring it, it attracts those particles of it which are next at hand, which particles are replaced by those next to them; or in other words thirsty vegetation attracts the clouds." President Dawson uses this illustration to show the far-reaching effect of desire or need: "The cry of the young raven brings its food from afar, for that cry has power to move the emotions and muscles of the parent bird, and to overcome her own selfish appetite. The bleat of the lamb not only brings its dam to its side, but causes the secretion of milk in her udder. The cry of distress nerves men to all exertions and to brave all dangers, and to struggle against all or any of the laws of nature that may be causing suffering or death." And Mr. Rowland S. Hazard, showing how every act of volition has universal results, writes, that the oyster opening its shell, "changes the sum of the conditions to be acted upon, and may thus modify the action of all other conditions, even the Supreme Intelligence must be presumed to conform his action to the existing conditions; and as the oyster in opening its bivalves does thereby change the conditions, it may in so doing change the action even of Deity."

And shall the plant, the oyster, and the dumb animal have power to call the universe to its service, have its need supplied, or its request responded to, and shall man gain no answer to his prayer? The tread of a bird is said to affect the gravity and equilibrium of the globe. The thirst of a daisy changes the level of the Atlantic. The sparkle of Arcturus, distant billions of miles, made Edison's tasimeter tremble with excitement. And shall the intensity of human hope, desire and longing stir no pulsations, reach no responding sympathy, and dry up without consequence in the human breast? On the contrary, whatever affects me, a thought, an emotion, an effort of the will, sooner or later affects all the conditions in which I am placed. Prayer then, whether it take the form of feeling or becomes embodied in word or act affects the world of things, and finds its way to God. Souls about us are touched by every heart's emotion; they tremble to the vibrations of thoughts reaching them from every land and age. Thus genuine prayer becomes, in the language of Dr. Hedge, "a positive force in the universe of things. The Eternal Will—the axis of creation—bows and dips to human entreaty."

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Squirrel Inn. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Company.

Many people think that there never was so delightful a book of stories as "The Rudder Grange" by Frank R. Stockton. If he has never repeated that success, he has always preserved the original quality of a humor which is purely American. "The Squirrel Inn," published serially in the *Century Magazine*, is now given to us in book form, and the unity of effect is better preserved than when it was cut up into numbers. The characters in all of Stockton's books are grave and discreet persons who cultivate common sense with conscientious ardor. They are involved in the most absurd situations even while explaining to you their perfectly intelligent and sensible motives. They never intend to be funny and would resent such an imputation as an accusation of ill breeding. But the reader and the author have a mutual understanding of the joke, and a flagrant enjoyment of the absurdities possible to people who are unenlightened by a sense of humor. It is a dainty little volume and the pictures are evidently drawn with the intention of illustrating the text. When the young man suffers the compulsory loan of a baby he dreams of adopting it, and hopes nobody will come to claim it, "After we've got to be regular chums,"—then you perceive that although a sensible man, he is capable of illusions. The mother of the loaned baby is a young widow, so full of common sense—a sense without a forethought or an afterthought or any other kind of a thought but just a common thought—that you wonder why the young man thinks he is in love with her, and you expect him to discover that he has made a mistake. The author tries to throw a glamour of sweet peas and hollyhocks about her, but this has no effect until you see her picture: "O well, if she was as pretty as that, one can forgive a good deal of literal mindedness."

It is a book to cheer the weary and the dreary, and all those who love to see the merry side of common life. M. E. B.

The Young Emperor William II, of Germany. By Harold Frederick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

There is no personage of modern times in whom interest is more keenly excited than the young emperor of Germany. The above work presents in small compendious form the history of the Hohenzollerns and their rise to power, describing in greater detail the influences and conditions which have helped form the present emperor's character, the rupture with Bismarck, and the sentiments and ideals which seem to characterize William's state policy. The work is written in fresh, readable style, suitable for young and old, and is a useful and interesting text-book on the subject with which it deals. It is illustrated with five portraits of the reigning emperor and different members of the royal family. The author closes a discriminating chapter on "Personal Characteristics" in these words. "At present what can be fairly said is that he (William II) stands out with clearness from among European sovereigns as a living and genuine personality, a young man of imagination, of great activity and executive ability, taking gravely serious views of his duties and responsibilities, keenly anxious to do what he believes to be right, and increasingly disposed to look to wise and elevated sources of judgment for suggestions as to what is right."

"THE STUDY CLASS" by Anna Benneson McMahan, A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, is a compactly compiled, sequenced assortment of studies in English Literature, with prefatory and interlarded talks by the author, that introduce the subject matter almost as though the earnest woman herself stood before the student. One striking advantage this book has over all others of its kind, is its suggestiveness to the follower. One may adopt with exactness the author's scheme, or for herself wander into the broad fields of English Literature, with this book, as the key that will open gates that hitherto seemed both bolted and barred to the *ordinary* feminine mind.

It is fitted to the young, middle-aged, and old, to the Woman's Club, and to the school class-room, as well as to the solitary serious woman trying to learn alone; and it is hoped that this little volume, filled from beginning to end with both Matter and Art may find its way to the hands of every thoughtful reading woman.

This little word is by way of testimony of gratitude to the good and noble-minded woman whose every endeavor is in the direction of helpfulness and elevating thought; and who now stands before the public as the author of "The Study Class.'

K.

[We expect to publish a further word about Mrs. McMahan's book soon.—ED.]

Osborne of Arrochar. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Good Company Series. Paper, 50 cents.

To those who like a story with the romantic setting of an old estate sadly run down, and in which the hero, heroine and some others have a hard time in various ways, but which "turns out well," "Osborne of Arrochar" will be pleasing.

It is not an insipid story, for the characters are bright and interesting in what they do and say, and one or two of them are exceedingly well drawn; but, on the other hand, it is not an analytical or unusual novel. 450 pages prove none too many in which to tell us all the author wishes, and a good many persons will be well entertained when they wish a pretty story that will not in any way harrow their minds, nor greatly tax their intellects.

Jolly Good Times at Hackmatack. By Mary P. W. Smith. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, $1.25.

We are always glad to chronicle the advent of one of Mrs. Smith's always thoroughly delightful and wholesome stories for the young. The above has all the characteristics of her former stories, "Jolly Good Times," "The Browns" etc., *viz:* freshness, naturalness, a good lesson plainly but not obtrusively taught, the joy and beauty of simple-hearted, loving childhood. Mrs. Smith's last story deals with the life of long ago, the times when "grandpa was a boy," which she tells us she thought good to picture for the benefit of children growing up under influences and conditions so very different from those shaping the lives of the dear, dead ancestors.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

The Quintessence of Ibsenism. By G. Bernard Shaw. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. Paper, 12mo, pp. 170. Price, 25 cts.

It Is Possible. By Helen Van Anderson. Chicago: New Era Pub. Co. Cloth, 10mo, pp. 342. Price, $1.25.

[*Continued from page 125.*]

grandeur of character. We almost fear that so beautiful a life will never shine like a star in our Western sky again. Hardly will this generation see another such blending of intellectual power and moral earnestness, to say the least. Nor will such a poet-soul gladden the waiting world again to-morrow. Every great preacher is a poet as well, but not all great preachers or poets have the fineness of grain which characterized our friend. But let us all, however sincerely we regret him, give thanks for his most beautiful death—sincere thanks for all that he was spared—and keep his memory green as he goes on into undiscovered lands.

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Notes from the Field.

Quincy, Ill.—To the churches of the Illinois Conference of Unitarian and other independent societies, Greeting:—As the season approaches when provision is usually made for the financial policy of the coming year, your treasurer desires to draw your attention to the needs of the Illinois Conference. With our last session one of the most prosperous years in our history was closed and we started out with good spirit for another year of united and vigorous effort. Mr. Duncan was re-elected secretary of the Conference and assigned to the missionary work in this state at a salary of $1,500 and expenses. The experience of last year seemed to warrant the Business Committee in assuming such an obligation, provided the A. U. A. would, as heretofore, contribute to our funds one dollar for every dollar contributed by the churches in this state. On this basis it will be necessary for us to raise $750, and herewith I hand you the estimate of the Business Committee which was reported to the last Conference and which shows the amounts which seemed to them the just and reasonable apportionment of the expense among the several societies. The report was adopted with the distinct understanding that it was not in any sense an assessment, nor is there in it any intention of dictating to the churches what they shall pay into the Conference treasury; but it comes as a recommendation that all acquiesce in said apportionment, and as a request from the Conference that each society contribute at least as much as the amount set opposite its name. The purpose of this money is to extend our gospel to new localities in the state, to strengthen movements already started and to make firm and enduring the bond of fellowship and work which binds us together. Will you not consider this at your regular church meeting, or at a special meeting if the regular meeting be long in the future, and report to me at an early date whether we may rely upon your society for the amount recommended by the Committee, and if not, how much we may count upon. Please, also state at what time your subscription will be paid: as to this I would recommend quarterly payments in advance as the best way for practical work. Communications in answer hereto may be addressed to Lyman McCarl, 304 N. 6th St., Quincy, Ill.

Yours respectfully,
LYMAN MCCARL,
Treas. Ill. Unitarian Conference.
Quincy, Ill., Dec. 5.

Estimate of the Business Committee: Alton, $30, Bloomington, $30; Buda, $15; Chicago, First Church, $100; Chicago Unity, $150; Chicago Third Church, $75; Chicago All Souls, $55; Geneseo, $25; Geneva, $15; Hinsdale, $20; Moline, $15; Monmouth, $20; Mattoon, $10; Quincy, $100; Sheffield, $20; Champaign, $10; Ottawa, $10; Princeton, $10; S. Evanston, $10; Wenona, $10; Warren, $10; Nora, $10. Total, $750.

The Western Unitarian Conference.—A letter was mailed last week from those in charge of the activities and interests centering at the Western Headquarters, 175 Dearborn Street, setting forth the annual necessities of our several working agencies and reminding the Western churches of their privilege in uniting to help bear the burden of expense. It is hoped that our ministers and friends generally will give cordial and kindly response to this appeal. The letter was sent to the ministers of all our churches without regard to the differences of the past few years. To those who, on account of these differences have withheld their co-operating hand, a supplementary letter was sent from which we make the following extract: "May we not count on your co-operation this year? Has not the time come when in mutual respect for each other's opinions and methods and entire loyalty to our own, the necessity of a permanent headquarters in Chicago, and the importance of the activities, actual and possible, connected therewith should be recognized by us all? May we not all stand together again in the forward look? The National Conference and the American Unitarian Association, if we interpret them rightly, desire that harmony and co-operation should prevail, and have no desire or expectation to see the Western Unitarian Conference and its associates either put out of existence or out of fellowship."

Boston.—The Suffolk County vesper services on the Sunday evenings for December will include sermons by Rev. Brooke Herford "A living Bible;" Rev. M.S. Savage "A living church;" Rev. E. E. Hale, "A living world;" Rev. E. A. Horton, "A living Christ."

—Rev. A. M. Knapp, late minister to Japan, has received a call to the pulpit at Fall River, Mass.

—Rev. H. G. Spalding and Rev. E. A. Horton conducted the first noon prayer meeting at King's Chapel on Wednesday.

—At the Suffolk County Conference, Rev. C. F. Dole stated that 20,000 families support the Protestant churches in Boston. Rev. E. E. Hale was chosen President. A vote of regret and appreciation was voted to Rev. Brooke Herford.

—Mr. Mozoomdar, of Calcutta, has accepted the invitation to be a member of the Religious Congress in Chicago in 1893, much to the satisfaction of liberal thinkers here and in New York.

—At the Monday Club "The Early Puritan Ministers of New England" will be discussed, after hearing an essay read by Rev. E. H. Byington, Congregationalist.

—Fifty members of Rev. Dr. Hale's church have made themselves into the "Hale Club," to meet monthly for social purposes in their church parlor. They will also emphasize the fame and memory of Dr. Hale in a literary way.

Central States Conference.—Delegates from Toledo, Cincinnati, Marietta and Louisville met in the first Unitarian Church, Cincinnati, Dec. 8th and 9th, to take steps to organize a Unitarian Conference, which should include that large central territory which lies outside other conference boundaries. The preliminary meeting was Tuesday evening. The programme consisted of an uplifting devotional service, followed by addresses upon the ideas of the liberal church, concerning "God" by Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago; concerning "Man" by Rev. C. J. K. Jones, of Louisville; concerning "Creeds" by Rev. W. A. Rice, of Marietta. Rev. E. A. Coil, of Unity Church, Cincinnati, was to have spoken concerning "The Bible" but was prevented by sudden illness. Wednesday morning the Conference was called to order by Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, who stated its object and on motion appointed Mr. Palmer, of Marietta, Rev. Mr. Jones, of Louisville and Mrs. Brotherton, of Cincinnati, a committee on organizations and nominations. The committee reported that it was the purpose of the organization to include Ohio, Kentucky and portions at least of Indiana and that it should be called the "Central States Conference." It nominated for officers for the current year, Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, President; Rev. C. J. K. Jones, of Louisville, Vice President; Rev. A. G. Jennings, of Toledo, Secretary and Treasurer, and a board of six directors of which Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland, was chairman. The report was accepted, the name was adopted and the officers declared chosen. Rev. A. G. Jennings then made an address on the "Opportunities and Methods of Missionary Work," which was followed by a discussion participated in by Messrs. Forbush, Jones and Rice. Rev. T. B. Forbush gave an essay on the "Three Christianities" which was so well received that the Conference voted to print it in pamphlets and distribute it as its first missionary work. The closing session of the Conference was the installation service of the Rev. E. A. Coil of which mention is made in another note. The time and place of the next meeting was left with the board of officers.

Decorah, Iowa.—Ulysses G. B. Pierce, of the Harvard Divinity School, has accepted a call to Unity Church of this place and the work is now well under way. There are good audiences morning and evening. "The Element of Mythology in the Bible" has been the subject of an interesting series of evening talks. Late in September a literary society was organized for the study of Longfellow. A lively interest is manifested in the work. The outline of study adopted is the excellent manual by W. C. Gannett. The meeting Nov. 28 was a "Fireside Meeting," and was so enjoyable that there will be other and similar meetings. All gathered around the fireplace in the rear of the church where "Evangeline," the poem for the evening was read and discussed. After this, light refreshments were served, and while these were being enjoyed the minds were kept busy guessing charades chosen from Longfellow's poems. Before the holiday recess the society intends to present the "Courtship of Miles Standish" upon the stage.

Cincinnati.—The installation of Rev. E. A. Coil, as pastor of Unity Church, took place in College Hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 9th. The pleasure of the occasion was greatly marred by the absence of Mr. Coil, who was confined to his house by a sudden attack of influenza. Amid universal regret the services went forward in the usual form, only the charge to the pastor being omitted. The service was in charge of Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, as President of the newly formed "Central States Conference." The Scripture lesson was by Rev. W. A. Rice, of Marietta, prayer by Rev. A. G. Jennings, of Toledo. Rev. C. J. K. Jones, of Louisville, gave a very strong and inspiring sermon, which was followed by a familiar talk to the congregation by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago. Unity Church never was more earnest and hopeful, while pastor and people seem to have mutually fallen in love with each other.

Philadelphia.—The November number of the *Conservator*, publishes an extract from a sermon in Unity Church, Camden, by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Long, on "The Ethical Culture Movement." Replies and comments follow from the editor, Mr. Horace L. Traubel, and Mr. William M. Salter. Mr. Salter concludes his brief comments with these words: "I am sorry to hear Mr. Long ask, 'Why should I act kindly to my neighbors if there is no God and no hereafter?' I am astonished at it. I did not suppose any Unitarian would say such a thing, though one expects to hear it from Mr. W. H. Mallock, *et hoc genus omne*, who are at bottom more skeptical than believing. Mr. Long would learn something better from the nobler fort of Christians themselves,—from Frederick W. Robertson, from John Henry Newman, even from Jesus, not to speak of Herbert Spencer or Kant."

Muskegon, Mich.—On Nov. 8, F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr. was installed by his father, Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, of Grand Rapids, Mich., minister of the Holland Unitarian congregation of Muskegon. This is a new society and will soon be legally incorporated. The new minister, Mr. Hugenholtz, Jr., has had a thorough training for his work. He is a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, a post graduate of the Harvard Theological School, and afterward took a one year's course at Leyden University in the Netherlands. We give to our young brother cordial greeting to the ranks of the Western Unitarian ministry, and bespeak for him such success as should be won by the son of our esteemed friend and fellow-laborer, of Grand Rapids.

McMillin, Washington State.—The "First Unitarian Church of McMillin" sends greeting and a merry Christmas to all, through its secretary and treasurer, Mr. A. D. Hale. Mr. Hale is hopeful of a church building soon, and reports much pleasure and encouragement from the monthly visits of Rev. W. E. Copeland, of Tacoma. The church membership is increasing, the school holds its own and grows in interest.

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Thurs.—The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble, human souls.
Fri.—To worship rightly is to love each other.
Sat.—He prayeth best who leaves unguessed.
The mystery of another's breast.
—*Whittier.*

The Sunbeams.

"Now, what shall I send to the earth to-day?"
Said the great, round, golden Sun.
"O let us go down there to work and play!"
Said the Sunbeams, every one.

So down to the earth in a shining crowd,
Went the merry, busy crew;
They painted with splendor each shining cloud
And the sky as they passed fast through.

"Shine on, little stars, if you like," they cried,
"We will weave a golden screen,
That soon all your twinkling and light shall hide,
Though the moon may peep between."

The Sunbeams then in through the windows crept
To the children in their beds—
They poked at the eyelids of those who slept,
Gilded their little heads.

"Wake up, little children!" they cried in glee,
"And from dreamland come away!
We've brought a present, wake up and see!
We have brought you a sunny day!"
—*Kindergarten.*

The Brightest Gift.

One day, when the studies were over, the old schoolmaster took from his desk an odd-looking box with pictures of birds painted upon it. He called the boys to his desk and told them that he had brought each one of them a little present. Then, while they stood around, he drew out of it some white and pink shells and some pretty toys, which he gave to them with kind and pleasant words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little statue of an angel. She stood with her small white hands folded over her breast, and her face uplifted, and appeared so fair and so pure that the children gazed at her with eyes full of joy. They had never seen anything like it.

"This little angel is too lovely to be given to any child who is not good and true of heart. But the one who brings me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth shall have the angel for his own."

The children looked at each other, not feeling sure that they understood the master. But he said no more, and they went home.

The next day, after the lessons were finished, the children gathered around the master to show him what they had brought. Some had picked up sparkling stones by the roadside; one had polished a small piece of silver until it shone like a mirror: another had brought a watch crystal which his father had given him; and Henry, the merchant's son, had brought a breastpin, with a stone set in its center that shone like a diamond.

"Ah, mine is the brightest!" cried Henry.

"But where is little Carl?" asked Master Lewis, looking around; "We can not decide until Carl brings his offering."

At that moment little Carl, the baker's only son, came running into the room. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a snow-white dove. Some red drops upon its downy breast showed that it had been hurt.

"O master!" cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor dove. Some cruel boys were throwing stones at it, and I caught it up quickly and ran in here. O I am afraid it will die!"

Even as he spoke, the dove closed its soft eyes; it nestled closer to Carl's neck, dropped its little head and died.

Carl sank upon his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the dove's broken wing two tears, large and bright.

The master took the dead bird from his hands and laid it tenderly upon his desk. Then turning to the schoolboys, he said: "My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a tender, pitying tear."

"Give the white angel to little Carl!" cried the boys, "We knew not what you meant; and his offering is better than any of ours."—*Selected.*

A Girl's Essay on Boys.

"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by andby.

"Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam, that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything, but soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."
—*St. Andrew's Church Record.*

A CLERGYMAN in England in an earnest address to his parishioners, advocating the establishment of a cemetery, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of 30,000 Englishmen living without Christian burial." This suggests another clerical slip: "When do you expect to see Deacon Smith again?" a gentleman asked a clergyman. "Never," replied the reverend gentleman solemnly; "the Deacon is in heaven."

ONE of the parishioners of a clergyman who is given to preaching safe and sonorous platitudes, was recently asked by a friend how his pastor was doing. "Well," he cautiously replied; "he was never known to convert a sinner, but he has a positive genius for edifying the saints."

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The Gospel Banner—(Conservative Universalist)—says of the book: The purpose of it is commendable. It aims at delineating a possible world of human beings thoroughly united in pursuits, sympathies, successes, joys and sorrows, struggles and attainments—a unified world grounded on an all pervasive and inclusive brotherhood, actuated by unity of beliefs respecting individual origin and destiny. . . . The ideas are much like those of the Gospel regarding a community of interests; if one member suffers, all suffer; if one is prosperous, joyous, happy, all partake of his experience, if not at once, then at some later period. It is an attempt to show what this world may be, what it yet will be, when the pure truth of the New Testament touching human origin and destiny, brotherhood and helpfulness shall be embodied in the minds and acts, the laws and institutions of the whole family of earth.

The Twentieth Century—(Radical Social Reform) says of the book: The Auroraphone opens as though it were merely a story of adventure, very well told indeed, but still a story of adventure. But the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of a party of young men, interspersed with many a ludicrous incident, really constitute the introduction to the more solid and valuable part of the book. The author has evidently read "Robert Elsmere," "Looking Backward," and other sociological and religious novels, and realizing their shortcomings as *novels* has not fallen into the error of introducing long and seemingly interminable discussions. The reader is never allowed to forget that he is reading a story, and thus the interest never flags. There have hitherto been religiously heterodox novels, and economically heterodox novels. "The Auroraphone" combines the heterodoxiness of both.

Philadelphia Item: This story is a romance of the most startling character, ... exceedingly amusing. . . . . The man at the other end of the auroraphone explains how he came to get into communication with the earth, and then gives to the operators on top of the mountain the history of Saturn, explicitly explaining their ideas of the social and moral conditions through which they had passed. . . . There was ample time for the author to weave into his story several pretty love episodes and exciting incidents. The story is decidedly well written, and will be read with much interest and pleasure.

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V.—CONFUCIANISM.

LESSON XV.

Influence of Ancestor Worship. Future Life. Compare Chinese with Hebrew and Christian Views.

1. The importance of the family in Chinese civilization. Emphasis laid upon filial piety.
2. Ancestor worship. Its forms and significance. Does it contain a belief in immortality?
3. Compare Chinese with Hebrew reverence for parents, and the power of patriarchal society.
4. Contrast the Christian other-worldliness with the Chinese this-worldliness.
5. Confucius's faith in institutions, in government. Compare with Jesus on this point.

NOTES.

The **family** is the social unit. Here all duties begin. Out of the family idea was evolved the **Tribe**, **Clan**, and **State**. First there were an "hundred families" under one patriarchal chief; then a union of "an hundred tribes."

Mencius said that "the duty of an Emperor to his father takes precedence of his duty to the Empire itself."

The grave, in all ancient nations, has been a dwelling-place and a shrine. Home associations are easily transferred and thus consecrated to the place of burial. The Chinese strew willow boughs in spring on their cherished graves, and leave gifts. The custom dates back more than 3,000 years. Yet Mencius makes no mention of these ancestral rites, and Confucius lays no emphasis upon them.

Ancestral tablets are usually of wood. "A bare room, an altar holding fruits and flowers, a memorial tablet to the invisible guardian and friend. So, for the Shinto shrines of Japan a white screen, a polished mirror, a floral offering suffice,—the pure heart, the self-judging conscience, the grateful sense of beauty and of life."—*Johnson.*

Rev. H. C. DuBose says of Confucianism, that "the **family altar** is the source of its Samsonian strength."

"Their morality is summed up in obedience to their parents while living; their religion, in the worship of them when dead."—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

The faith of Jesus in the institutions of this world was neutralized by his vision of a new Kingdom and another world, wherein all should be changed, and the present condition of things should be done away.

To prostrate oneself or pay honors before the shrine of Confucius, is like the civil oath of allegiance, "the homage of politics to the ethical and literary ideal."

Mihteihl said: "The law of universal love will remove every evil."

Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

The following extract from a private letter will show how Lester C. Hubbard's new book impressed one reader:

"Thanks for 'The Coming Climax' which the postman brought this morning. I read the publisher's preface; Miss Werner's poem [the prelude to the book], and as far as the twenty-fifth page in Mr. Hubbard's opening chapter. I thought the poem unique and inspiring, and Mr. Hubbard's work startling and exciting. If I had not been interrupted, I think I should have read on to the end of the book, which circumstance I take as an omen of the success of your venture. There is a fearlessless and directness in the way in which Mr. Hubbard handles his subject that will hardly pass unnoticed or unchallenged."

I have lately published a revised edition of Miss Irene H. Ovington's book, "Helps for Home Nursing." The book contains 120 pages, is handsomely bound in cloth with a pretty cover design, and will be mailed to any address for 50 cents. It will be an acceptable present for any home-maker. I quote the opinion of a prominent physician, Dr. C. A. Greene, of Castile, N. Y:

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